

Yazoo Sentinel. NEWS OF THE DAY. YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI. LATEST NEWS.

THE season's orange crop in Florida is the largest ever known.

A WELON on a shrub is the latest fruit novelty reported from California.

FRANCE is now getting large supplies of canned fruit from this country.

A STEVE-POOR member looks down on the rest of the Mississippi legislature.

THE three last Lord channels of England have been Sunday-school teachers.

THE custom of appointing an Arbor Day now prevails in eight States of the Union.

THE value of the shipbuilding industry of New England for 1885 reached \$6,000,000.

FIFTY hundred vegetarians dine daily in London at an average cost of fifteen cents.

THERE have been four presidents in the Panama country in the past three months.

THE seals in San Francisco harbor are destroying the salmon fisheries of Sacramento river.

THE barbers are almost alone among the tradesmen in the United States in having no union.

THE Arago, a screw steamship of 750 tons register, recently launched in San Francisco, is the first steel vessel built on the Pacific coast.

THE year 1885 thus far shows a large number of hotel fires. Since the first of January between eighty and ninety hotels have been destroyed.

IT has been estimated that the annual yield of cotton seed at the South is 3,000,000 tons, but that only one-sixth of it is consumed by the oil mills.

THE States of Maryland, Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Maine, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon and West Virginia have never had lieutenant-governors.

FIVE officers of the German army are going to the Congo for the purpose of organizing the black soldiers of the negro princes in that region on a European military footing.

A RED quilt on exhibition at New Orleans contains 100,000 pieces. It is made of small bits of tape three-eighths of an inch square, and at a short distance it very much resembles worsted embroidery.

A FRENCH medical journal reports 4,600 deaths from lightning strikes in France between the years 1835 and 1884, about two-thirds of which were seriously wounded, and five times as many were struck.

A VAN CAMP, lately United States consul to the Fiji Islands, says that six years since King Cakobua, a celebrated cannibal, introduced cannibalism into the Fiji group, from which 50,000 people have since died.

THE NATIONAL GAME

No rest for the professional ball player until next October.

THE catchers' chest protector is greeted with amusement in the South.

CHATTANOOGA (Tenn.) has a "phenomenal" left-handed pitcher named Ramsey.

GILKINSON BATE, of Tennessee, has appeared in the bill prohibiting Sunday baseball playing.

BROWN now has fourteen men under contract, including three pitchers and four catchers.

THE territories of Utah, Idaho and Montana are making an effort to organize a territorial league.

THE governor of California is a regular attendant at the California league games, and on Sundays, too.

A STATE league of amateur clubs has been formed in New Jersey, with David Pearson of Newark, as president.

THE Providence league champions were defeated in a three-inning game at Washington by the Nationals, 3 to 2.

JUSTICE W. H. KELLEY, of New York, has offered a very pretty silver trophy for the amateur championship at baseball, to be competed for by the clubs in the recently formed National Association of Amateur Baseball Players.

THE injury received at football by Phillips, captain of the Harvard baseball nine, will prevent his playing ball this season or, possibly, resuming his studies. He has returned from the South and is now in Cambridge. Phillips' affliction is concussion of the brain.

THE Eastern league has eight very good teams this year. The New York Telegram says: "It looks as though the National would carry off the flag, with Norfolk, Richmond, Trenton, Newark and Jersey City running a close race for second place."

ON the question of who will win the League championship this year the Sporting Life says: "That the Chicagoans ought to take the pennant is conceded by the best judges who look at the base their opinions unprejudiced. If they settle down to work this year they can take that pennant."

THERE were never so many associations in New England, amateur and professional, as have been formed this season. There are the Southern New England, Eastern New England, Maine College, two high school leagues, Cape Ann league, Southeastern Massachusetts league, Commercial Baseball association, with more to be heard from.

PERSONAL MENTION.

ATTORNEY GENERAL CARLAND is desirous to be a totaller.

GILKINSON BATE, of New Jersey, lives almost entirely on milk.

THE late General Barrios, president of Guatemala, Central America, left a fortune of \$10,000,000.

ON the twentieth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's death (April 1st), an address was delivered by General John A. Logan at the memorial services held in Springfield, Ill.

HENRY LEWIS, president of the Maryland State senate and successor to Governor McLean, appointed minister to France, as governor of Maryland, is only twenty-six years old.

STEPHEN B. ELKINS, one of Mr. Blaine's managers in the last presidential canvass, has accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address before the Alumni association of the University of Missouri at Columbia, June 4.

PALISA, the Viennese astronomer, offers to name an asteroid after anyone who will pay him \$25 in cash. His first customer was a Hungarian schoolboy who proposes to baptize an asteroid, "Patrika-Schlesinger," the name of his firm.

BARON NORDENSKIOLD, the Swedish explorer, is now reported to be preparing for another voyage in an attempt to reach the North pole by way of the islands north of Siberia. He intends to be gone three years, and his expenses will be borne by the Russian government.

COLONEL COUCH, since the death of Payne the leader of the Oklahoma "boomers," is a native of New York State and a "Forty-seeker." He is medium-sized, middle-aged, dressed in conventional garb, and presents no suggestion of the wild benderman. He was colonel of an Illinois regiment in the civil war.

THE North Carolina Legislature is considering a bill "to prohibit the sale to boys of cigarettes under ten years of age." The members of the North Carolina Legislature may know what they are doing, but we should think a cigarette over ten years old was just as injurious to the small boy's health as the cigarette under that age.

CHARLEY ROSS' FATE. REASONS WHY HE WAS NOT KILLED. An Associate of "Bill" Mosher who says the Boy is Alive.

Christopher Worcester, alias Charles Wilson, was arrested in New York city, after the arrest of Frank Slater and Henry Kerrigan, a boy, for stealing a horse and wagon belonging to William McClave, a Hunter's Point lumber merchant. An official at the Brooklyn police headquarters said: "There is a great deal behind the arrest of these fellows. Slater is an all-around thief. When Sergeant Rosson arrested him, he begged the sergeant to destroy a certain memorandum found on him, saying if he didn't it would go hand with one of the force. Finally he broke down and confessed everything. The boy Kerrigan strove to break the force of the confession by denials. His confession has not only put us on the road to the recovery of horses and wagons which have been stolen hereabouts, but we can by it locate property stolen in other parts of the country and from St. Louis to Montauk Point. The boy Kerrigan is fourteen years old. His father, it is said, was Slater's cousin. He is a smart one. If Slater had not confessed so much I do think the lad would have made the affair all right by his straightforward lies."

Worcester is sixty years old now and is known in every prison as Charley Wilson. But as Kit Worcester he is notorious for his connection with the abduction of Charley Ross.

"Yes, I was connected with that case," said Worcester, "and was arrested and locked up as the abductor. I spent nine days in jail and then was released. I believe Charley Ross is alive. Bill Mosher, one of the two men who abducted him, was shot and killed while trying to jump Judge Van Brunt's house at Bay Ridge. Mosher didn't kill the boy. He would not have anything to do with a bloody crime. Why, he was like a woman in his feelings. He was a very kind man. No, he took good care of the boy when he found he could not return him and good care is being taken of the boy to-day."

"When I was released I went to Mr. Ross and was frequently in communication with him. I opened communication with the men who took the boy. All they wanted was \$2,500, but he went to the police with the letters. They knew every time he called on the police and so when the Aldermen got at the case they wrote the letter you remember to the police and put the price for the boy's return away up. About this time I was staying in a saloon on Third street, Philadelphia. All hands knew that I had been acting as a go-between, so some of them suggested that a good way for me to act if I was called on again would be to open an office for the recovery of lost property."

"The suggestion was a good one and it was at that time that I first saw the man who, with Bill Mosher, stole Charley Ross. A few weeks afterward I was called upon and I submitted my plan to Mr. Barnes and others. They all liked it, but I didn't put it into operation, because they wished me to play false to the men with whom I would have to have the dealings and as they wouldn't look at the scheme in any other way it dropped. This was just about the time that the newspapers were crying out against compounding a felony by giving a reward to the thieves. If the office had been open Charley would have been home in a few days. Bill Mosher had a brother, and I believe, from what I have heard him say of that brother, that he made known to him all about the boy."

"Do you know the boy Kerrigan, who was arrested with Slater?"

"Yes."

"He lives in the house in which you were arrested?"

"Yes; but I don't live there; I visit the place once in a while."

"How old is the boy?"

"About fourteen years old; but about the age of Charley Ross; but he is not Charley Ross. He is dark-skinned; Charley is light-skinned; so is all the Ross family. Besides, Charley is more refined looking. The Ross stock is good. Oh, no, he is not Charley Ross. Anyone who has ever seen any member of the family can see that. This Ross case," Worcester continued, "has stuck in me, and whenever anything comes up it brings me into prominence. But it can't be helped now."

GENERAL GRANT.

Astonishing His Family—The Medical View of His Case.

While the Grant family were at lunch on the 16th the dining-room door opened and in walked the general. To the astonished greetings of the family he made no direct response, but, turning to the waiter, he said:

"Inform Dr. Douglas that we are waiting lunch for him."

A moment later the doctor joined the family. The general was seated in his old place at the head of the table. The meal passed in merry fashion. The doctor's face, which was reddened by the welcome he received, was not allowed to become serious all the time the meal lasted. Mrs. Sarcelle was radiant with bright chat and infectious laughter, while the general, with assumed gravity, helped himself to some macaroni and a slice of cold mutton, which he ate in five pieces, poured gravy over it, and ate it as naturally as though he had never eaten of the way of eating macaroni. After lunch he went upstairs on the elevator. This was the event of the day at the sick man's house. He had risen early after a good night's rest, under a reduced injection of morphine, and at up all day, moving about on the second floor with little apparent effort.

The improvement of the past three days led Senator Chaffee to venture the opinion that the general's ailment might not be cancer, but ulcerated or malignant sore throat, in which case there might be hope for complete recovery. The Senator so expressed himself more than once during the day, intimating that the doctors had diagnosed and treated the case without success, and that inquiry was made of the doctors in the afternoon about this matter.

"There can be no mistake about the disease," one of them said. "It is epithelioma (epithelioma cancer) and has been so proved by both microscopic examination and by its clinical features. What is the use of trying in the face of victory? The case has been one of ups and downs. No one can predict what the next few days may bring. It is certain that he is not much improved and that we hope for continued improvement. The rule in cancer is death. There are recorded exceptions in which the disease has been eradicated by an operation or by caustic application. How this may turn out is by no means certain. No intimation has been made of the family that the disease is not cancer, and the staff of physicians know that it is. All to be said now is that we are much encouraged by this week's improvement."

Dr. Shiras said at dusk: "I am surprised that there should be any question as to the diagnosis in General Grant's case. The physicians have determined that the disease is epithelioma, and there has been no yet no reason to change that belief."

When General Grant awoke on the morning of the 17th he expressed himself as feeling better than he had at any time for three or four days. He dressed himself fully, and after partaking of the breakfast of liquid food prepared for him and two cups of coffee walked about the room on the second floor for some time.

There was still a great improvement apparent in the general's condition on the 18th, and he wanted to go out riding, but physicians refused their assent. Senator Chaffee said that he saw the general's throat during the day, and that it had materially changed its appearance since he had looked into it. All the jagged edges had disappeared and the stuff that gathered in his throat and choked him. General Grant agreed with Senator Chaffee in thinking that his disease might be only an ulcerated sore throat.

In answer to reporter's inquiries Dr. Fordyce Barker said that General Grant's trouble was epithelioma. "Just what epithelioma is," continued he, "I can't explain in easy to understand. It is a variety of cancer, but is only local in its effects. All the doctors are unanimous upon this point, and we are treating the general for this disease. The nature of the trouble has become more certain and not from the physicians. There have been cases of recovery from this disease, but they are few. About fifteen are on record."

He Had to Go.

A story is told of a Nanganok man who purchased a load of wood of one of his neighbors. The wood was of such poor quality and so crooked that he complained bitterly about it. Finally, after exhausting his vocabulary, he said: "If I ever see a manner load of wood than this I'll apologize to you for what I have said." The man who bought the wood moved to Westport, and after several years had passed came home one night and looked over a load of wood that had been left in his yard during the day. He walked around it a few times, and finally went into the house and said to his wife: "I have got to go to Nanganok right away." "What have you got to go to Nanganok for?" inquired his wife. "Why I told Mr. So-and-so that if ever I found a manner load of wood than this I would apologize to him. I have found it and am going." And he at once took the train for Nanganok and apologized to the man according to his promise.

THE FUR SEAL.

Some interesting stories about them and their capture.

"It is rather a monotonous pursuit, the killing of seals," says a seal hunter, "the only excitement being the chase in the water of some fierce old hoodoo, who is apt to give you a long and lively chase before his valorous part is brought to sight. There is something pathetic in the hunting of the female hood with her young, for she will make every effort to get it out of harm's way, and then seeing that escape is impossible, will protect it with her body from the blows of the hunter, uttering her low, appealing murmur, until she herself is killed and can protect her whelp no longer. It is believed by all seal hunters that a mother seal can distinguish the cry of its young among a thousand others. It is a curious sight during April to watch the seals. They come out on the ice, yearlings, 2-year-olds, and old seals, about the middle of that month for the purpose of scrubbing themselves. If the sun is shining their skin will be sure to burn so that sometimes it may be pulled off with the fingers. At such times to return to the water will subject the seal to intense pain, and so well do they know when they are in this condition that they will remain on the ice and be killed rather than enter the water and submit to the pain. If the sun-burnt seal is forced into the water it will utter sharp cries of agony and try to climb back on the ice in spite of the men threatening them with the gaff and guns. Seals have relentless enemies in sharks and swordfish, and they will rush from the water to the ice when pursued by these monsters, and place themselves behind a hunter, or run between his legs, for safety, shaking with fear, like a frightened human being. These sharks are sometimes so ravenous that I have known them to leap upon the seal when in pursuit of a seal, and more than once I have shot them while thus out of their element. I once saw a swordfish chase a seal, and it reached the ice in safety, and the fish thrust its sword against the ice with such force that a piece weighing hundreds of pounds was split from the ice. The cries of the seal that escaped from the swordfish were pitiful, so full of agony were they, and after her fright was over she submitted to death at the hands of the hunter without a murmur."

"The skins of all seals are weighed with the fat, and are calculated at 15 per cent. of the whole. A barrel of young harp seal's fat will weigh 235 pounds and produce 23 gallons of oil, there being only 53 pounds of residue. A young hood seal will yield only 21 gallons of oil to the barrel, although it weighs five pounds more. Old harp fat will yield 22½ gallons of oil to the barrel. The fat is now reduced by steam, but formerly it was reduced by exposure to the sun in wooden vats. Miners prefer the sun-drawn young seal oil as it smokes less. It has a bad odor, however, while the steam-rendered has not. It is a curious fact that when seal oil is drawn from the vat the oil of the young seal will come first, and it is readily known when that is all out, for it is of a pale yellow, and the old oil runs a deep straw color. Seal's milk is a curious feature about this useful animal, for it is as thick almost as white lead. Fishermen have in an emergency stopped leaks in their boats with seal's milk. Not less than 25,000,000 seals have been taken from the Newfoundland ice fields by the seal fleets alone since hunting commenced there, more than one hundred years ago, 22,000,000 of them having been taken since 1830."

Preferring His Own Horn.

At a popular boarding-house in Winter at, Boston, many years ago sojourned a bachelor gentleman of cultivation and prepossessing appearance, but addicted to one disagreeable habit. He would, while sitting either at the breakfast, dinner or tea table, deliberately draw forth his old-fashioned bandana handkerchief, and applying it to his proboscis, produce a noise which would overwhelm the sound of an ordinary fish-horn. It was a great annoyance to his fellow-boarders, and as he appeared insensible to the disagreeable result of his performances, it was resolved to give him a gentle hint that the company had heard enough. One morning a small but nicely finished tin horn, with a note attached, was discovered on his plate. All the boarders were in a state of expectancy. In walked the gentleman, seated himself, and, apparently surprised, inspected the horn and then read the note. The effect was magical. He rushed from the table to his room, and in the course of the day bade farewell to the house. The note was a suggestion that, for variety's sake, he would adopt the little horn for table performances.

How to Make Cheese Puffs.

Grate half a pound of any dry, rich cheese; butter a dozen small paper cases or little boxes of stiff writing paper; put over the fire a thick saucepan containing a gill of water; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, and when the water boils stir in one heaping tablespoonful of flour, and beat the mixture until it cleaves away from the sides of the saucepan; then stir in the grated cheese; remove the paste thus made from the fire, and let it partly cool; meantime separate the yolks from the whites of three eggs, and beat them until the yolks foam and the whites make a stiff froth; then first stir the yolks with the paste, and next lightly mix in the whites; put the mixture at once into the buttered paper cases, filling them only half full, as they rise very high while being baked; and bake them in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes; as soon as the puffs are done put the cases on a hot dish covered with a folded napkin, and serve them very hot. Served with celery they will make a course at a regular dinner, after the game; or they may replace a sweet dessert at a plain dinner.

SAVING.—A gentleman and two ladies lately went to a hotel in Rochester, N. Y., and asked the price of dinner. They were told it would be 50 cents each, and then retired to the sitting room. Subsequently, when the landlord went to inform his supposed patrons that the dinner was ready, he found them all eating crackers and cheese, which sufficed them for the meal.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

MEMOROUS HAPPENINGS FOUND IN THE COLUMNS OF OUR EXCHANGES.

HE COULD AFFORD IT.—It broke him all up.—A successful scheme.—A clear case.—His First Ride, Etc., Etc.

A CLEAR CASE.

"Were you ever arrested for any offence?" asked the District Attorney, in cross-examining a witness in a New York court.

"Yes, I was arrested once."

"What for?"

"Dot time I killed a woman," answered the witness, with what appeared to be marvellous coldbloodedness. A murmur of surprise filled the court room.

"That will do, sir, for you," said the attorney, sitting down with the air of having demolished that much of the defendant's testimony.

"You say that you killed a woman?" asked the counsel. "Do you mean that you were charged with 'killing a woman'?"

"Dot's not I say, ain't it?" responded the German. "Und don't I say dot vor man say I kill her mit a shote. She say dot on a boleece court, ain't it? But dot Shudge discharge me."

The spectators laughed until the court, straightening his own features, rapped for order.

A BATHING-UP BALLAD.

Barber shop, For ten cents, Get a shave, That's immense, Seat yourself, In the chair, Man begins, To pull your hair, If you whine, Sulk or mope, Jams your ear, Full of soap, Barber, he, Goes in to win, Should you move, Off goes your chin, Cuts a hole, In your cheek, Rubs with alum, Near a week, Makes you weep, And sometimes swear, When the comb, Pulls through your hair, I do, I'm hanged."

HE KNEW.

"Did you ever see the man intoxicated?" asked an attorney of a witness in a city court.

"Yes; slightly full, so that he wanted to stand on his head. Sometimes he was very full."

"What is your idea of the difference between very full and slightly full?"

"When a man is slightly full he can't lie down, and when very full he can't stand up."

HIS FIRST RIDE.

A Chinaman was riding in one of the cable cars. He stood on the front of the dummy and was intently watching the cable rolling along beneath the roadbed. He was quite absorbed in this occupation when suddenly the engineer stopped the car with a jerk that threw him against the support of the dummy. He straightened himself up and looked at the conductor.

"What's matia? Stilling bloke?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

HOUGHTLESS IN A FLAT.

Oh, the lady she puts on the roller skates! Over the fence is out! And into the may her way she takes, Eddying here and about.

Oh, but she shows in walls or reel! Oh, but she slings a daisy! Oh!!! but you'd ought to heard her squeal—Over the fence is out.

[SECOND STANZA IN A MINOR.]

Quivered and rattled the chandelier, Lather the arnica on! Ah, but the silver were sharp and sore! Where has the doctor gone? Ah, but her former days were run; Ere the bright night had scarce begun, Not for a week can she have some fun—Lather the arnica on!—Bon't J. BURDETTE.

IMPROVING UPON THE POOR.

"It all comes of being poor," said an old lady, trembling with indignation, to her sick husband. "I just stopped in a minute at the Riches to tell 'em as how you wasn't gittin' any better, and Mrs. Rich said she was sorry, and wanted me to bring you a bottle of wine."

"Did you bring it?" asked the sick man, eagerly.

"No; I heard her say it had been layin' down in the cellar ever since 1855, 'an when she offered it to me I just walked off without sayin' a word."—N. Y. Sun.

HE COULD AFFORD IT.

"I did not see you yesterday, Mister Gilooly," said Mose Schaumburg.

"I was out of town yesterday. I went fishing with Col. Oranall Manson and some others on Onion Creek."

"Oh, you went mit dot rich panker?"

"Yes, and he is one of the most straight-forward, honest gentlemen I ever met."

"Mine Gott, vy should he not be honest. He has got more den half a million dollars dot panker in, penides real estate. For half dot money I vill pe a saint myself, right away."—Texas Siftings.

BOBBY'S SUCCESSFUL SOMERISE.

"Won't you have another piece of pie, Mr. Featherby?" asked Bobby, hospitably. His mother was entertaining a few friends at dinner and the dessert was being discussed.

"Thanks, Bobby," Featherby replied, laughing; "since you are so polite about it, I believe I will take a small piece more."

"All right," said Bobby. "Now, ma, remember your promise. You said if it was necessary to cut into the second pie I could have two pieces."—N. Y. Times.

IT BREAKS HIM ALL UP.

"Yes, I have got a mighty good man, Mrs. Callaper, but he's an awful tender-hearted body."

"Is he? Well, I wouldn't have thought it."

"Yes; had news of any kind uses him up."

"La, me! you don't say?"

"He never could stand up under trouble of no kind like me."

"That's very strange."

"Why, bless you, ma'am, it just about breaks his heart to tell him the sugar box is empty, and it fairly gives him a spasm whenever the flour gives out."—Chicago Ledger.